

# BLUE QUILL

MAGAZINE OF QUEENS COLLEGE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

MAY  
1952





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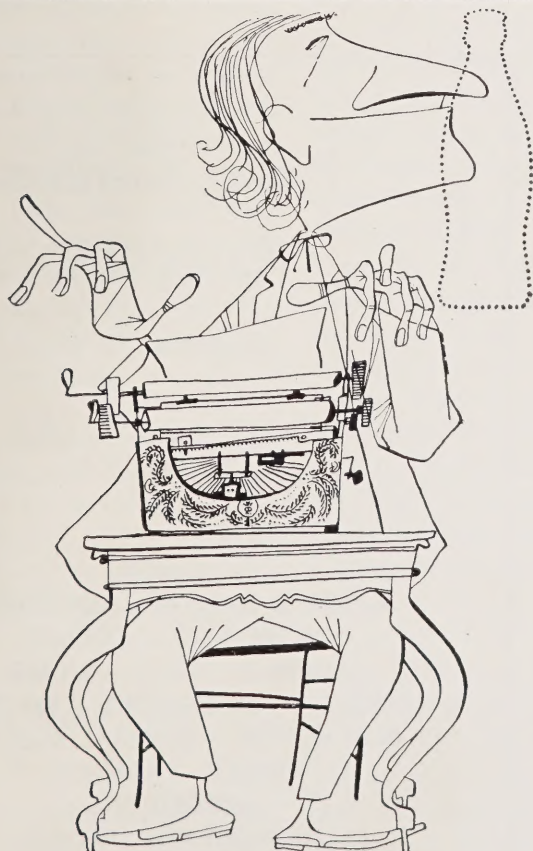
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# THE BLUE QUILL

MAY 1952

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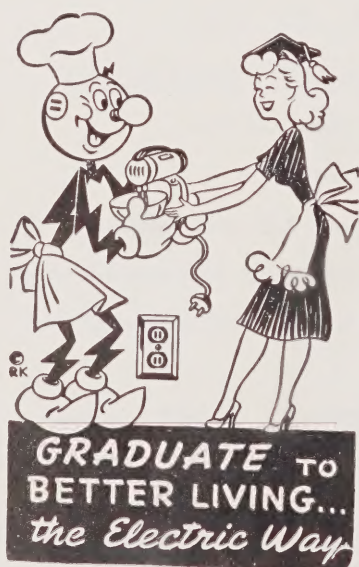
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# FIFTY-SEVEN SENIORS TO BE GRADUATED

## Dr. Edwin Walker Will Speak



DR. WALKER

Class Day, May 31, marks the official beginning of this year's Graduation Week-end. Participating in the program will be Rev. Mr. Chester Alexander, who will give the Invocation; Florence Rucker, Class President, who will extend greetings; Jay Hall, who will trace the Class History; Laura Davis, who will deliver the Last Will and Testament; Roberta Jones, who will speak the Class Prophecy; and Murphy Alexander, who will give the Class Poem.

Mrs. Rucker will present the class gift to the college, and President Jernian will accept it for the college. Following the presentation of the gift, the exchange of class colors will ensue with the president of each class participating.

The class officers are:

President of the Rising Senior Class:  
Anne Clarke

President of the Rising Junior Class:  
Sara Nell Cooper

President of the Rising Sophomore Class:  
Venetia Wilcox

Following the exchange of gowns and the singing of the *Alma Mater*, Dr. Hubert V. Carson will deliver the Benediction.

Officers of the Senior Class are:

President . . . Florence Ashcraft Rucker  
Vice-President . . . Martha Rhyne Wilson  
Secretary . . . . . Jacqueline Davis  
Treasurer . . . . . Georgianna Goettinger

Class mascots are Patricia Harrell and Jeffrey Prather.

\* \* \*

The Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered Sunday, June 1, at 11:00 o'clock in Belk Chapel by Dr. Lawrence Irving Stell, pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church in Charlotte. Dr. Stell has served as pastor of Whiteville and Chadbourn Presbyterian churches, First Presbyterian Church at Roanoke Rapids, First Presbyterian Church in Tallahassee, Florida. He received his B.A. degree and later his doctorate at Austin College in Sherman, Texas; he attended Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia. A member of the Board of Christian Education for the Presbyterian Church, U. S., and the Board of Stillman College in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Dr. Stell had worked with young people of high-school and college age and is one of the adult advisers of the Assembly's Youth Council of the Presbyterian Church. He is a contributor to such publications of the church as *Day By Day*, *Presbyterian Youth*, *Thy Will—My Will*. He is married to the former Louise Fincher and has two children, Lawrence Irving Stell, Jr., and Patricia Stell.

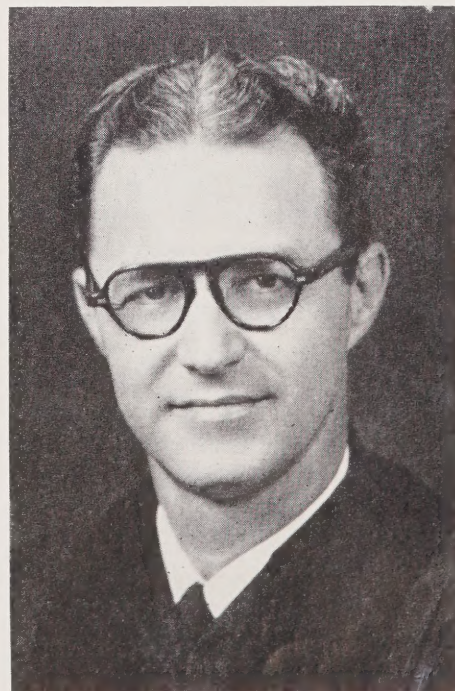
\* \* \*

The graduation address will be delivered at 10:30 o'clock on Monday, June 2, by Dr. Edwin Walker, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Florida State University. He has also held the position of Consultant to the Administrator of Federal Civil Defense, and he has taught at Central College, Fayette, Missouri; at the University of Colo-

rado, and at Oklahoma A & M College. He received his B.A. degree at Vanderbilt University; his doctorate at the University of Chicago. Moreover, Dr. Walker is a member of the American Philosophical Association, Southwestern Philosophical Conference, Phi Kappa Phi, Pi Kappa Delta, and Phi Delta Theta. His publications have appeared in the *Journal of Philosophy*, *Review of Religion*, and *Christian Century*; and he is a contributor to three books. He has lectured at Colorado College, University of Kansas, Washington University, and the Conferences of Presidents of Western Colleges. He is married to the former Pherba Thomas and has two children.

With the receiving of the diploma and hood, the turning of the tassel, the Senior Class of 1952 will be graduated. Those graduating with an A.B. degree are: Murphy Hall Alexander, Burlington; Arthur Charles Bridges, Charlotte; Bonnie Kate Blue, Raeford; Laurie Ann Brockmann, Charlotte; Sarah Katherine Bulloch, Roanoke, Va.; Peggy Scott

(Continued on page 7)



DR. STELL



## DR. ABERNETHY AND DR. PICKENS PRESENT PAPERS

PATS POWELL

At the annual meeting of the North Carolina Academy of Science, held at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina May 2 and 3, two Queens College faculty members presented papers. Dr. A. L. Pickens spoke on "Biochemical control of caste in the social life of an insect community," to the Biochemistry and Physiology Section. Dr. Ethel Abernethy gave a paper on "Psychological research in the Queens College Department of Psychology," before the North Carolina Psychological Association.

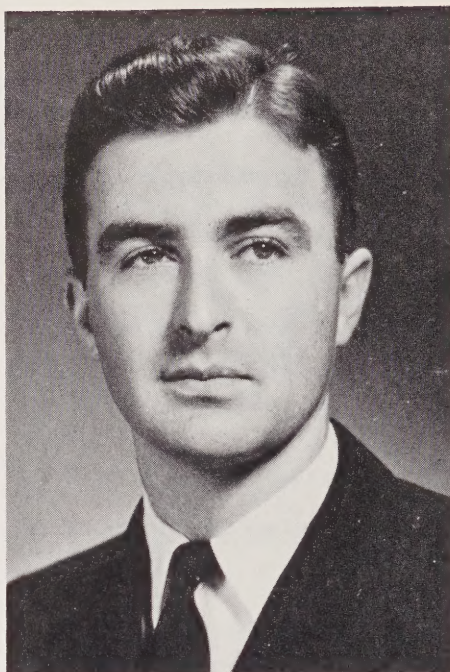
One of the Queens College studies presented by Dr. Abernethy is especially timely because it investigates the effects of propaganda upon college students.

Advanced student groups during the last five years have made significant contributions to this study. The investigation grew out of a course in experimental design, and the various phases were planned by Dr. Abernethy's students.

In part the investigation is an attack upon the popular assumption that if an individual is informed of the nature and intent of propaganda, the chances for positive effects are very low.

This phase of the Queens investigation is somewhat similar to the main problem of an experimental study reported by a psychologist in a New England University a few years ago. In each of the two studies, in New England and at Queens, experimental groups were made aware of the nature and purpose of propaganda materials which bore upon certain important current issues. The subjects, all college students, were directed by their instructor in critical analysis of the propaganda. In each case the findings gave clear evidence that the subjects were positively influenced in attitudes by the propaganda materials presented, even though information had been given the students concerning character and intent. Control groups, on

(Continued on page 23)



**BILL GETTYS**

The '52 graduation is a milestone in the history of Queens College since John William Gettys, the first co-ed who has attended Queens for the entire four years, will receive his diploma. Bill receives his B.S. degree in music with a major in organ. He has had the distinction of being on the Dean's List for his junior and senior years. He has served on the Concert and Lecture Series Committee of the college, and he presented his senior organ recital February 28 at the Myers Park Methodist Church.

Bill has various off-campus activities. He is the organist at the Holy Trinity Lutheran Church this year, having previously been organist at St. Peter's Catholic Church for six years. Bill has worked at the Charlotte Public Library for several years. One of his duties there is to drive the Bookmobile in the afternoons. Bill is the oldest of six children in his family.

After graduation Bill leaves for the Army. He plans to study library science at either Emory University or the University of North Carolina when he is discharged from service.

Other co-eds graduating June 2 are Arthur Charles Bridges, Ellenboro, N. C.; Archie Bernard McCall, Charlotte, N. C.; and Joe E. Stowe, Gastonia, N. C.

## JACKIE HENLEY, LAURA MARTIN REPRESENT HOME EC CLUB

Jackie Henley, a Home Economics major, was cover girl for the May issue of the magazine "What's New in Home Economics." In the same issue she wrote an article entitled "My Career in Home Economics." Jackie is a member of the Junior Class. She is the president of the Gamma Gamma Chapter of Phi Mu sorority, treasurer of her class, and also chairman of the college Home Economics Club. Next year she is House President of North Dormitory.

Laura Ann Martin of Lumberton, N. C., represented Queens at the North Carolina Home Economics Association Workshop held at W.C.U.N.C., April 25-26. Representatives from eight colleges were present, and the workshop was held in the new Home Economics building. The workshop got under way with the registration Friday afternoon. Several interesting speeches were given on subjects which were of great value to the ones present. After these addresses the group was divided into committees for discussing, planning, and evaluating the work of the various colleges in their Home Economics Clubs. The workshop ended with a banquet on Saturday night and the installation of the new officers.

## MR. SCOTT TO GO TO DUKE

Mr. H. A. Scott, professor of psychology at Queens, plans to attend Duke University next year, where he hopes to receive his Ph.D. degree in June, 1953. Mr. Scott has already fulfilled all requirements for this degree except the writing of a dissertation. His dissertation will deal with the evaluation of therapy. There is a program of research going on at Duke now in this field.

Mr. Scott was Chairman of the Community Service Committee for the faculty. He was elected to the Advisory Committee and has served on the Admissions Committee, Freshmen Testing Committee, and a special faculty committee appointed to co-operate with the Board of Trustees in finding a new president for Queens. He has been a member of the faculty for two years.



# As We See It



## WHICH SEAL?

Queens College now has two seals. The new decals and paper stickers which are on sale in the soda shop carry the seal printed at the top of this page. The bookplates of the college library also bear this insignia. The seal at the end of this article, generally accepted as official, is printed on the large Queens banners, the Queens book covers, and on all the publications sent from Queens.

The difference between the two seals consists in the mottoes, the center design, and in the placement of the words *Sigillum Reginae Collegii* (seal of Queens College). The motto of the first seal is *Nisi Dominus Frustra* (Without God everything is in vain). The second motto is *Non Ministrari sed Ministrare* (Not to be ministered unto, but to minister). It seems that the first motto was changed to the Chicora motto when Chicora College was incorporated into Queens College in 1930; however, as far as can be ascertained, there has been no official action by the board of trustees concerning the change. The older motto was the one which was associated with the founding of Queens in 1875. The librarian of Queens states that since she has received no notification of the change in the college seal, it shall remain in use in the 27,000 books of the library; therefore, one seal is respected downstairs in Burwell and a different one is allowed upstairs!



## FRESHMAN ASSEMBLY?

What is to be done with freshman assembly? This year every Monday and Thursday the members of the freshman class gathered in the Stultz building for a half-hour program designed to give helpful guidance. Attendance was compulsory for the first semester; but, as the weeks went by, the attendance dropped considerably. There is a definite reason for this scant representation. The girls lost interest because they felt that they could receive more complete advice through personal conferences with their faculty advisers or the heads of their tentatively-chosen major fields.

The general opinion of the class seems to advocate doing away with this type of assembly. The freshmen feel that it was of some profit at the beginning of the year, but after the first six weeks, they were orientated enough. The initial programs dealt with the major fields of study here on the campus, and it gave to only a few a better idea of the opportunities in the career world.

The fact stands that the majority of the freshmen feel that time could have been used to more advantage differently.

Since the rest of the classes are able to hold their class meetings at this period, why not let the freshmen do likewise? The fifteen minutes they are forced to use after lunch is hardly enough time in which to complete any business. The half hour could be used for last-minute study, relaxation, or circulation among friends. If the faculty members think that these assemblies will be necessary for next year's freshmen, we suggest they put the program on a six weeks' basis. Probably three days devoted to a well-planned vocational guidance program would give each freshman as much guidance as she would be ready to absorb. After that let the freshmen have the time. They'll use it well!

VENETIA WILCOX

## QUEENS FIGHTING PREJUDICE

This spring Davidson College and Johnson C. Smith University formed an intercollegiate council for the purpose of:

1. The study of the problems of our day as they are related to Christian principles.
2. The initiation and carrying out of projects designed to bring about social change in the light of Christian principles and action.
3. Meeting together for friendly interchange of ideas and recreation.

Queens has been invited to share in the activities of this council, and there is hope that she may accept the invitation and become a member of the council next fall. This is a step toward the realization of one of the goals Queens has set for herself.

Queens wants truly to be a "Christian college" and a "stronghold for free thought" in more than name only. One of the ways in which the southern mind is frequently most limited and perhaps un-Christian in its thinking is in its attitude toward the Negroes. The Negro is the minority group in the South. Other sections of the country have essentially the same problem. Only the groups change. The Jew in New York, the Mexican in Texas, the Chinese in California, all face the same difficulties. We are concerned, however, with our own section, and the universality of prejudice against minority groups does not in any sense justify this prejudice. One reason for the fault in our thinking is our ignorance. We need to study the race problem and to acquaint ourselves more fully with Negroes who have an educational background similar to our own in order to act wisely in our relations with them. Membership in the Intercollegiate Council for Religion in Life in the Charlotte Area would give students at Queens an opportunity to explore the possibilities for a more workable way of living with our Negro neighbors.

By joining this council and earnestly seeking knowledge and understanding of the Negro through the activities of the council, Queens can substitute enlightenment for prejudice. She can become, in reality, "a Christian college—a stronghold for free thought."

ROBERTA JONES



## WHAT'S YOUR CHARACTER QUOTIENT?

Identify these ten characters in nineteenth-century English novels whose experiences are briefly described below. Score yourself five points for each character whom you identify correctly and five points for the title of the novel in which he appears. If you make a score of 100, report to Dr. Jernigan immediately and get your diploma; 90, enroll in the Honors Course; 80, where is your intellectual curiosity?; 70, please report to Miss Harrell immediately for first aid. Answers found on page 17.

1. What timid young character wore upon his back "He bites"?
2. What well-known knight of literature was disinherited by his father for falling in love with a Saxon heiress?
3. What famous child was apprenticed to a pick-pocket?
4. What literary character wore a muddy cloak in honor of a queen?
5. What young girl died in the arms of her beloved brother during a flash flood?
6. What character, through her love and loyalty to the dead, almost gave up her happiness in life in the "Novel Without a Hero"?
7. What literary character was jilted on her wedding night and resolved to wear her wedding dress as long as she lived?
8. Who was the woman who became a successful Methodist preacher?
9. What famous literary character left England to establish an estate on the Potomac River in Virginia?
10. What noble character in English literature said: "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known"?

## DR. BOYD GOES TO A. T. S.

Dr. Robert Boyd, who has been at Queens for two years as Latin, Greek, and philosophy professor, is leaving to accept a position of professor of English Bible in the General Assembly's Training School, Richmond, Virginia, on September first.

## 6—THE BLUE QUILL

In addition to Dr. Boyd's work at Queens, he has been pastor of Saint Andrew's Presbyterian Church for ten years, doing outstanding work in increasing the membership of his church. A native of Mt. Pleasant, S. C., Dr. Boyd graduated from the College of Charleston, S. C., and Union Theological Seminary in Richmond.

## SENIORS HONORED

GEORGIANNA HOUSTON

A gala Senior Week began on May 12 and ended Saturday, May 17. President Florence Rucker and the Senior Week Committee chairman, Dell Martin, planned the festivities.

Seniors began their week that Monday evening with a formal dinner given by the college in their honor. The dinner was held at 6:00 in Morrison Dining Hall. The Seniors were then honored at dinner coffee.

Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 the Junior Class honored the Senior Class with the traditional Junior-Senior party—a picnic at Camp Stewart. Miss Grier and Miss Mitchell led the group in games.

On Wednesday, May 14, the Public Relations Bureau entertained the Seniors at an open-house in the bureau's office.

Thursday night at 8:00 Dr. H. V. Carson gave the Seniors an informal party at his home.

On May 16, "Senior Day," the Seniors skipped classes, chapel, and term papers. That Friday morning at 9:00 Miss Albright and Miss Squires entertained the Seniors with a novelty breakfast.

At Friday chapel the Seniors entered Ninniss dressed for their all-day picnic. When the Seniors left for their party, the Juniors moved to the Senior section, the Sophomores to the Junior section, and the Freshmen to the Sophomore section.

Friday night was highlighted by a concert by the Mint Museum String Ensemble with Mr. E. Lindsey Merrill, of the music faculty at Queens. The concert was given in Ninniss Auditorium at 8:00, and immediately after the concert there was a reception honoring the Seniors and their guests.



SARA MCNAIR

## NEW S. G. A. PRESIDENT STATES OBJECTIVES

Since the election of Sara McNair as student body president for the coming year, students have wondered what her plans are for the new year. Briefly, her plans consist of educating the entire student body about the workings of the student government by enlisting their help on various committees, of helping bring about a closer relationship between day students and boarding students, and of making students of Queens fully conscious of the school they are attending. Another aim of Sara's is to present more interesting and stimulating Wednesday chapel programs.

"Mac," as Sara is called by the student body, has the job of completing the new constitution. Sometime during September the new constitution will be formally ratified by the student body. There are several reasons for the postponement of the ratification until next fall, but the two most important ones are (1) the students want to work under the new constitution to give it a trial, and (2) the old students want to let the new students have a voice in the constitution. A tentative plan with the latter reason in mind is that of a "Constitution Week" next fall. This week will be dedicated

(Continued on page 17)



## A HOP AHEAD WITH HECTOR

Harvey, my father, says that he is really going to wear me out if I don't quit going places and hearing things I'm not supposed to. My name's Hector, and I live in Morrison dormitory with Margaret. My father came back with her after Christmas holidays, and he liked living at Queens so well that he moved his whole family up here spring holidays. My presence on campus has not been noticed because no one can see me!

The dean's little boy almost smashed me when he was playing around Diana last week. I'm so tiny that I'm always hitching a ride on "Happy's" back—that's how I got into the president's office last week! Of course, Mrs. Keeter did not see me when I slipped through the crack in Dr. Jernigan's door. I was just dying to see him. I'd heard such wonderful things about him. I climbed up on his desk, but it had so many papers and letters on it I had to sit on the ash tray. I could see him better from there anyway. I had a wonderful time in his office because I heard much news. Dr. Jernigan was talking on the phone with an expert electrician about the wiring in the dorms. The man was glad to report that the wiring was passable and that there was no danger of fire.

I was so interested in the telephone conversation that I didn't know that Dean Sweet was in the room until he coughed loudly and at the same time almost made me sneeze by dropping cigarette ashes on top of my ears! By the time he and Dr. Jernigan had finished discussing next year's Greek class and Dr. Boyd's leaving, I was almost covered up by cigarettes and ashes! I couldn't move for fear of being seen.

Dean Sweet smoked another cigarette while telling Dr. Jernigan about his new house lot out Sardis Road, close to Dr. Carson's new home. After the dean left and I had brushed myself off and had gotten settled on Dr. Jernigan's desk pen, the door flew open. I nearly fell into Dr. Jernigan's lap, it was so unexpected. Miss Albright had come over to get his advice about buying a hotel at Pawley's Island. She seemed all thrilled not only over the purchasing of the building but also about her roommate's new station wagon! (I rode in it yesterday with Mrs. Jernigan and Jerry. It rides grand.)

Then Dr. Jernigan told Miss Albright about a friend who may help Queens by getting us a launderette which could be installed in the basement of Carson.

He also showed her the completed plans for the soda shop. There are going to be three more booths! After Miss Albright left, Dr. Jernigan made a telephone call to someone about fixing a bath room in one of the dorms. He wants rubber tiles and new fixtures throughout! Before he had hung up, I was covered in ashes again. He also told his friend about a generous gift to the Queens library from his old teacher at Duke. Dr. Jernigan was handed the \$1,000 check a few minutes before the inauguration.

I was so interested in the conversation that I didn't realize how fast the time had passed. I leaped into Dr. Jernigan's lap and slid down to the floor, where I waited for the door to open so I could slip out. I didn't have long to wait, for Mr. Pugh came rushing in as I ran out. I got a ride back to Morrison on Dot MacLeod's pack of *Charlotte News*. Even my long ears couldn't pick up what Dot told Helen Drennan the seniors were leaving to the school.

My father made me promise I wouldn't tell a soul what I heard in the president's office because none of it is definite. But I'm such a little rabbit, who would listen any way?

### FIFTY-SEVEN SENIORS TO BE GRADUATED

(Continued from page 3)

urn, Charlotte; Rose Marie Caneclides, Charlotte; Laura Cross Davis, Charlotte; Mary June DeLamar, Gadsden, Ala.; Cornelia Ann Dick, Memphis, Tenn.; Helen Dean Drennan, Spartanburg, S. C.; Sheila Lois Gottlieb, Charlotte; Joyce Ann Hall, Richmond, Va.; Eupenia Pou Harris, Macon, Ga.; Dorothy Shaw MacLeod, New York; Archie McCall, Charlotte; Julia Mae McClure, Charlotte; Sarah Joudon McMahan, Raleigh; Lenora Martin, Pineville; Eula Ann Noell, Durham; Florence Agnes Kirkle, Alma, Ga.; Mary Reid Regan, Alma, Ala.; Florence Ashcraft Rucker, Charlotte; Margaret Alice Potts Smith, Charlotte; Willodene Smith, Charlotte;

Joe E. Stowe, Gastonia; and Dorothy Wilson, Gastonia.

Those receiving the B.S. degree are: Mary Frances Belk, Kannapolis; Mary Elizabeth Bell, Charlotte; Lynn Lewis Campbell, Charleston, W. Va.; Jacqueline Ann Davis, Mount Olive; Beth Almeda Dobbins, Lockport, N. Y.; Cecilia Moss Feemster, Gastonia; Dorothy Lancaster Folger, Pickens, S. C.; Georgianna Goettinger, Charlotte; John William Gettys, Charlotte; Dorothy Elizabeth Guy, Newland; Marianna Hamilton, Tampa, Fla.; Mary Alice Haywood, Charlotte; Mildred Lee Henson, Miami, Fla.; Martha Holleman, Seneca, S. C.; Gertrude Ann Hunter, Charlotte; Doro-

thy Roberta Jones, Columbia, S. C.; Elizabeth Dell Martin, Charlotte; Elizabeth May Mauldin, Charlotte; Jane Barry Mobley, Charlotte; Sue Lewis Morgan, Charlotte; Emily Doris Pons, Valdese; Martha Rhyne Wilson, Gastonia; Elizabeth Anne Shiflet, Marion; Shirley Siddall, Spartanburg, S. C.; Dorothy Jane Smith, Wytheville, Va.; Colleen Solomon, Winston-Salem; Bettie Stegall, Charlotte; Mary Ruth Talbert, Concord; Shirley Bennett White, Charlotte; and Margaret Ann Allen Young, Charlotte.

Two-year Secretarial Administration Certificates will be issued to Victoria P. Copses and Elizabeth Joan Hovis, both of Charlotte.



## COLLEGES CRITICIZED IN MAY MADEMOISELLE

"Have the Colleges Let us Down?" by Pamela Taylor in May *Mademoiselle* adds new fuel to the controversy which is still raging over the magazine's publication in January of "Have College Women Let us Down?" by Howard Mumford Jones. The Jones article inspired a Radcliffe picket line, a Syracuse committee on student apathy, editorials in college newspapers, radio broadcasts and many hundreds of letters from college girls and colleges all over the country.

In the current issue of *Mademoiselle* the colleges themselves are taken to task by the magazine's readers and by Mrs. Taylor, a Bryn Mawr alumna, who, with three children in college, has a special stake in describing the problems and prescribing some cures.

Roughly one out of every three letters from college readers received by *Mademoiselle* blames the college system for what Jones had called "the withering away of intellectual adventure." Teachers are indicted for "over-cautious attitudes" and for failing to "establish in the student's mind any rapport between her studies and her life." Parents as well as educators come in for censure on the grounds that they "have unwittingly brought us up to worship false gods, have set before us totally distorted standards that quash individuality and healthy mental development." One young woman writes: "In general, the American colleges . . . fail their women undergraduates in the most important function of all—they do not teach them to think."

Mrs. Taylor's point of view on colleges today is that they provide "a natural climate" only for the small minority of girls who are aiming for a profession, and the born scholars. In the jumble of academic courses "the colleges have let down the great majority who will work after graduation, deal with people, marry, have children, take part in the civic life of their community. They have failed to relate to living what they teach."

What the college woman needs to meet the complicated demands of present day life, to achieve emotional and personal independence, is direct guidance from qualified teachers in their social lives and on social issues. "But in far too many classrooms the professor still lectures endlessly, while each unanswered question and misunderstood point piles up in the student's mind and blocks by just so much more the possibility that she will carry much away with her.

Mrs. Taylor believes "the tide has definitely turned in the direction of a method of instruction that only very small colleges can attempt completely and suddenly . . . but it is on the move: each year sees the general theory of one or more courses tied to the particular experience of the student."

In the meantime, she adds: "If a young woman goes through four years of college passively, unconcerned with her own stake in maintaining the security she seems to value, without much zeal for causes or intellectual excitement, the failure is not hers entirely. As an undergraduate she is still potential material, a useful and happy citizen in the making. If she has been just educationally processed, with a system that has produced no spark, has given her neither education to use as a tool nor intellectual stimulation to use as a refreshment all her life, the college has failed her."

## INCOMING FRESHMEN

An increasing enrollment underscores signs of Queens' progress. Fifty-five new students have already registered and been accepted. More admission requests come in daily. It is suggested that students scan the accepted list for familiar names and begin learning new names to welcome these freshmen to Queens.

The following are accepted students: Connie Anne Adams, Macon, Ga.; Anne Lowrie Alexander, Charlotte; Judith Ann Arrington, Charlotte; Patricia Margaret Ballard, Charleston, W. Va.; Charlotte Louise Barron, Rock Hill, S. C.; Anne Ruth Beckman, Columbia, S. C.; Patsy Daron Black, Stanley; Alice Ann

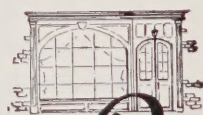
Brackett, Macon, Ga.; Peggy Brice, Chester, S. C.; Melinda Lois Brown, Hickory; Marjorie Carter, Miami Springs, Fla.; Cecily Jean Click, Greenville, S. C.; Barbara Deuman, Woodbridge, N. J.; Margaret Duckwall, Winchester, Va.; Mary Louise Duffie, Sumter, S. C.; Mary Gena Fairer, Whitnel; Margaret Ann Gilbert, Jacksonville, Fla.

Margaret Ann Gary, Whitmire, S. C.; Sarah Grier, Lenoir; Joan Hall, Valdese; Suzanne Marie Haas, Charlotte; Barbara Jean Jacobs, Macon, Ga.; Anne Johnston, San Diego, Calif.; June Kennedy, Statesboro, Ga.; Joanna Lou Klutz, Lenoir; Mary Ruth (Patsy) Laney, Cheraw, S. C.; Lois Lawing, Lenoir.

Doris Katherine Lee, Fayetteville; Mary Elizabeth Lee, Orlando, Fla.; Charlene Levey, Pensacola, Fla.; Beth Ann Lowdermild, Charlotte; Margaret Marshall, Kingsport, Tenn.; Esther Massey, Waxhaw, Angeline McCaskill, De Funiak, Fla.; Pauline McCaskill, Charlotte; Jean Ellen Miller, Charlotte; Barbara Minogue, Charlotte; Julia Mitchell, Florence, S. C.

Anna Lee Oliver, Atlanta, Ga.; Barbara Jean Palmer, Atlanta, Ga.; Sydnor Jane Patrick, Belmont; Mildred Plonk, Charlotte; Betty Nelle Podeyn, Jacksonville, Fla.; Kathleen Robinson, Woodruff, S. C.; Mary Jacqueline Rolston, Richmond, Va.; Margaret Adams (Sue) Rose, Richmond, Va.

Jessie Nelson Scott, Cape Charles, Va.; Mary Ann Sledge, Greensboro, Ala.; Ann Smarr, Winnsboro, S. C.; Anne Carrington Spady, Cape Charles, Va.; Doris Ann Spangler, Bluefield, W. Va.; Betty Taylor, Albemarle; Beverly Mae Trantham, Brevard; Nancy Whitemack, Bluefield, W. Va.; and Ruth Williams, Valdese.



**Reynolds**  
111 EAST SIXTH STREET



# STREAMLINE YOUR THINKING

BY FRAN MACPHERSON

(Editor's note: Thinking takes too much of the college student's time. The *Blue Quill* is therefore happy to include the following public-service feature.)

People muddle and extend thinking to tiring lengths. This guide is designed to facilitate reasoning about fellow students, thus reducing thinking time by at least one third and leaving the student free for more important matters. Follow these simple steps:

1. As soon as you meet a student, form a definite and inflexible opinion of her. (This step is even more vitally important in the case of meeting co-eds.) It is a sign of weak vacillation to mull over a new acquaintance and an awfully time-consuming process. You must find a spot in your psyche into which you can fit this new creature; students may become unmanageable if they are not promptly put in their places. Never mind Plato's saying that the citizen in a corrupted democracy must establish everyone's place in relation to his own. These oldsters were rather quaint, weren't they?

2. When you have registered your impression of the person indelibly on your attitudes plate, DO NOTHING to disturb the impression. First impressions are the most reliable; the student will carry throughout college the personality and character she has as a freshman, and you will lose a great deal of time if you let yourself be trapped into thinking about more than one facet of her nature.

3. As soon as possible fit the person into a category. In especially complex cases this process may take as much as ten minutes, but that is the price of being thinking college women. To save time for you we list the *five* types into which people fall:

a. The party girl—This lady is—to a degree that verges on the vulgar—popular with men. Her brilliant conversation is only a reflection of the blank walls in her mind. If she studies, you may be sure she has no sincere motive for doing so. (You might, however, enjoy the ease of associating with her.)

b. The book-worm—Any person seen reading *The Psychological Bulletin*, *Fortnightly*, or Thurber falls into this category. People who persistently hand in work on time may be dismissed to this level. A word of warning: if you carelessly associate with these people you may be ensnared into time-consuming thought.

c. The executive—This woman is *gloire*-mad. Her efficiency has gone to her head, and the only reason she is re- and re-elected is because the students think in stereo . . . uh, always want about the same things in officers. Don't worry about her; she probably won't be much when she actually meets life the way you have.

d. The career woman—This student has a determination that smacks of narrow-mindedness. She has some odd drive to hew things out for herself and not build with the chips that fall from others' chopping. You might enjoy her for a while, but she would, in the end, be tiring.

e. The well-settled girl—It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between type *d* and type *e*. At the price of possibly ten minutes of sacrificial thinking you will be able to solve such a problem. This is one test you might use: Confront the girl you believe is well-settled with an unusual situation. If she reacts in a way that seems quite proper in relation to her general appearance, you may conclude that she is well-settled. If, on the other hand, she responds with a violent exclamation, a gleam in her eye, or some other peculiar reaction, she is probably a career girl.

We suggest that you will probably find the highest degree of compatibility with type *e*, but if you ever feel that *any* person is taking too much of your time, do not hesitate to shrug your shoulders and dismiss her with "She probably doesn't even belong to a type."

## W F HOLDS CONFERENCE

Noell, McLaney Represent Queens

The spring conference of the North Carolina Westminster Fellowship was held April 25-27, at Quaker Lake, a conference site several miles from Greensboro, N. C. There were twenty-five delegates from Flora Macdonald, WCUNC, UNC, N. C. State College, Eastern Carolina, Davidson, and Queens. Ann Noell and Mary McLaney represented Queens.

This conference was the Fellowship's Bible study conference. The book chosen for discussion was *I Corinthians*, and the Rev. Mr. Charles Jones, minister of the Presbyterian Church at Chapel Hill, was the leader. After a large group study, smaller groups of seven and eight led by the students themselves continued the study and discussion of *Corinthians*.

In the business meeting Saturday night, plans for the conference to be held in October were made. This conference is to be the large formal conference of the year. The theme will be "Finding God's Will Now," and there will be discussion groups on different phases of this theme.

A feeling of great unity among the delegates was fostered by the group's size and common purposes and the young people's cooking their own meals and cleaning up after them.

## REFLECTIONS

BY PEGGY GEER

### NIGHT

Night is a darky  
Nibbling the watermelon moon,  
And spitting out the star-seeds  
Through the sky.

### OUTSIDE

The wind has howled  
All night like some cold hound,  
Inside an ember dies  
Without a sound.

### LISTEN!

Listen to the corn stalks  
Rattle their bones and scrape  
Their long fingers together,  
Weird skeleton shapes  
That clatter in the wind.



From April 30 through May 4 Queens College observed its seventh annual Fine Arts Festival. The Queens Players opened the festival by presenting George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* under the direction of Edward J. J. Kramer on Wednesday and Thursday evenings in Ninniss Auditorium. Queens College students in the cast were Mary Ann Todd, Charlotte, who played the lead; Florence Pearson, Charlotte; Sydney Lewis, Marianna, Fla.; Marjory Smith, Dillon, S. C.; Joann Vogel, Lutz, Fla.; and Eugenia Pou Harris, Macon, Ga. Rudolph Thompson, Jr., Franklin Woodruff, Walter Thomas, and Aubrey Dale, all of Charlotte; and Phil Lewis and Carroll Jenkins from Davidson College assisted the Queens Players. Nancy Irwin, Eureka, N. C., was assistant director.

The festival continued on Friday afternoon with the traditional May Day celebration in the Dell. Doris Pons of Valdese, N. C., was May Queen and Dorothy MacLeod of New York City was her Maid of Honor. The train-bearer and crownbearer were Al Griesette and Mac Ramsey. Patty Kimball was the flower girl. Attendants in the queen's court were Helen Drennan, Spartanburg, S. C.; Jay Hall, Richmond, Va.; Nancy Timberlake, Roxboro, N. C.; Catherine Edgerton, Concord, N. C.; Kitty Sue Carter, Greenville, S. C.; Marthann Coleman, Asheville, N. C.; and Betty Lipe, Landis, N. C. Also, Eleanor Myers, Kings Mountain, N. C.; Sara Nell Cooper, Conway, S. C.; Barbara Edwards, Decatur, Ill.; Sara Kuniarsky, Lynchburg, Va.; Elizabeth Lucas, Burgaw, N. C.; Emilia Hutchinson, Elizabethtown, N. C.; Elizabeth Camp, Charlotte, and Audrey Loftin, Troutman, N. C.

The May Day pageant was *The Wizard of Oz*. There were many group dances and several individual dances. Carol Stockner of Welch, W. Va., played the part of Dorothy, who was blown over the rainbow from her home

in Kansas to the Land of Oz. She meets the Mayor of the Munchkins (Bonnie Blue, Raeford, N. C.), who tells her about the Emerald City and the Wizard. On her way to see the Wizard, Dorothy meets the Scarecrow (Fran Macpherson, Fayetteville, N. C.), the Tin Woodsman (Laura Mitchell, Florence, S. C.), the Cowardly Lion (Marjory Smith, Dillon, S. C.), and the Witch of the West (Billie Mancin, Macon, Ga.). The Wizard of Oz was a great surprise to everyone since the person playing the part was unknown to the student body. He was no other than Queens' own Dr. Carson!

Friday evening featured a concert by Frances Lehnerts, mezzo-soprano. Miss Lehnerts sang the following numbers: "Alleluia," arranged by O'Connor-Morris; "Come Again" by Dowland; "Divinite Du Styx" (Alceste) by Gluck; "Befreit" (Release) by Strauss; "Nimmersatte Liebe" (Insatiable Love) by Wolf; "Och Moder, Ich Well En Ding Han" by Brahms; "Wie Sollten Wir Geheim Sie Halten" by Strauss; "Automne" by Faure; "Tout Gai" (Greek Folk Song) by Ravel; "Le Nil" by Leroux; "Ghazel" (Djamileh) by Bizet; "Across the Blue Aegean Sea" by Branscombe; "Two Little Flowers" by Ives; "Symphony in Yellow" by Grigges; "Hobby Horse" by Mousorgsky; and "Black Roses" by Sibelius.

The program continued Saturday afternoon with an art exhibit from 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. in the Stultz Building. Works were shown by the classes of the college art department, and also projects of the Fine Arts classes were on display. At the same time a senior art display was exhibited in the Day Student Building. Paintings were displayed by Dell Martin, Charlotte, N. C.; Sheila Gottlieb, Charlotte, and Mrs. Doris Kramer, Charlotte.

Saturday evening at 8:15 a recital was given by June Faulk, Charlotte, pianist; Roberta Jones, Orangeburg, S. C., mezzo-soprano; Dudley Pendleton,

baritone; Catherine Pendleton, contralto, both from Charlotte; accompanists were Mary Anne Ashe, Charlotte, viola; John Holliday and Nancy Eagle of the music department, pianists. Miss Faulk played the following compositions: "Sonata in B flat major," K. 498A by Mozart; Preludes—"Triste et doux," "Champetre," and "Tres Leger et assez vif" by Robert Casadesus; "Sonata in F minor," Op. 5, by Brahms; and "Wedding-Cake Caprice-Valse" by Saint-Saens.

Miss Jones sang "Salve Regina" by Pergolesi. She was accompanied by John Holliday at the piano.

Catherine Pendleton, accompanied by Nancy Eagle at the piano and Mary Anne Ashe on the viola, sang "Gestillte Sehnsucht" and "Gestliches Wiegenlied" by Brahms.

Dudley Pendleton sang a Recitative and Aria from "Judas Maccabaeus" by Handel and "Du Bist Bei Mir" by Bach. His accompanist was Nancy Eagle.

The final event of Fine Arts Week-end came on Sunday with a concert of Contemporary Music sponsored by the Queens College Chapter of the International Society for Contemporary Music. Mr. Kenneth Moore, Charlotte, on the clarinet, and Eunice Plann Berg, Charlotte, on the piano, played Paul Hindemith's "Sonata for Clarinet and Piano." Mr. E. Lindsey Merrill and Martha Rowe Merrill, of Queens, violinist and pianist respectively, played the "D major Sonata for Violin and Piano" by Serge Prokofieff. John Holliday, Queens, played original compositions, "Five Pieces in the Duodecimal System." The final number on the program was a performance by the Mint Museum String Quartet. They played Ernest Bloch's "String Quartet in B Minor." The Quartet was composed of E. Lindsey Merrill, of Queens, first violin; James K. Weber, second violin; Sam Citron, viola; and William S. Greene, cello, all of Charlotte.

SYDNEY LEWIS



# IE ARTS FESTIVAL

1. Starry Eyes—for May Day or the Wedding?
2. China Dolls Entertain Pilgrims to Oz.
3. Stultz Building Exhibit. Like to live in a house your classmates designed?



4. Miss Mancin—Shades of Hades!
5. "Fine Arts 101," or "The Eruption of Hidden Talent."
6. Approbation.



## XXIX

With respects to W. Shakespeare

FRANCES MACPHERSON

When in disgrace with council and the dean,  
And campused by my chuckling fellow-wags,  
I search in vain Box 43, and glean  
Cold comfort (since I've joined NA) from drags;  
And wishing, guppy-like, to take one leap  
Not out the glass but into china house,  
Thence to peer out along the snail-lined deep  
Or, sponge-like, there my many woes to souse—  
In coffee; wanting that girl's clothes or hair  
And trying madly to maintain my C  
(While all the others can read movie fare)  
Then happily I think, "February!"  
For thy sweet self this year had twenty-nine.  
I scorn all sad—this year shall make HIM mine!



## TRAVAIL

FRAN MACPHERSON

How many times must man be born  
Before he can live on earth?  
Truth's burning hands, unsought, seek him,  
When sought, spread to infinity.  
God! Man hears that name when in his infancy  
And must translate, translate, translate,  
His soul with mind—  
Forever being born.



## BLAKEAN FANCY

FRAN MACPHERSON

A child beside a grassy hill  
With willow branches long plaits made,  
Scarce noticing the pebbled rill  
That wandered in the willow's shade.

But when her sport began to pall  
She tossed the willow plaits aside  
And gaily stepped into the stream,  
Then said "It is too cold and wide."

She stepped beyond the willow's veil:  
A Cloud was floating on the stream.  
It still was cold: the child grew pale  
But saw the Sunlight's cheerful gleam.



THE BLUE QUILL-13



# THE PARTY

BY MAE MCCLURE

"So you and Billy Henry run together, eh?"

"Sure, Granny. Me and him got a steel trap set down in the meadow by the creek. We aim to buy a pair of rabbits when we catch enough muskrats."

Granny cut a piece of string with her teeth, turned the pants over, and began another patch farther down toward the cuffs. Her beady little black eyes, watching the needle weave in and out, seemed very bright and expectant. Every now and then she paused to shake her head and murmur, "U-um ain't that nice, though, and him a doctor's son."

At last her head bobbed up, and she said, "What did he say to you when he first asked you to come to his party?" Jody and Granny had already been through this many times. Jody, however, pretended to forget that he had ever answered this question before and said, "He just said that his ma was gonna give him a party and to invite everybody in his class. Course he asked me 'cause we're buddies."

Jody was very careful when he walked down the rickety steps, for he didn't want to wake Pa who was sleeping on the steps with his head leaning up against the post. Pa had gotten in awful late the night before. The roosters had already crowed the third time after midnight. Jody had heard Pa staggering and falling through the house. Later he had heard Granny's soft, pleading voice, and at last the thud of Pa's two shoes hitting the floor. And then all was quiet except for the crickets out in the pines.

Sliding under the fence, Jody was very careful not to touch the bottom railing, for he didn't wish to get caught on it in his best overalls. Once under, he peered back through the railings at the little brown shack beneath the tall, tall pines. Funny, everything looked older when you were standing away from it—Pa sleeping on the steps; Old Ben, the dog, resting in the shade, and the chickens idly digging beneath the porch.

He cut through the woods because that was the shortest way to Shady Springs and because he wished to look at the steel trap. When he came to the banks of the creek, he made a mental note to tell Billy that the water was way down and that it would be a long time before they would be able to put a fish net in it. From force of habit he also took time out to spit in the water. The spit separated before it hit the water and didn't make as big circles as it usually did. Jody had heard that this was a sign of bad luck; so he spat again. This time there were big circles. When he reached the trap, he found it still contained nothing. Billy hadn't been with him to look at it in a long time. He wished he would, for it was more fun with Billy along.

When Jody came out of the woods, the arch with SHADY SPRINGS written on it was in view. He spelled out the words S-H-A-D-Y S-P-R-I-N-G-S and then repeated the words *Shady Springs*. But he didn't try to hit it with a rock as he did when Billy was along. Jody wondered why it was that things you did with Billy once weren't any fun to do again unless you did them with him.

Billy's house was sort of like all the houses on Oak Street. All of them were big and almost hidden from view by huge oaks. The grass near the house was in blotches, but on down toward the street it was as green and smooth as the grass in the meadow. You wouldn't have known where one yard stopped and another began if it hadn't been for the rock walls which cut through the grass.

Jody hovered for a long time before the wall which set apart the Henrys' house. He saw little girls in ribbons and starched ruffles and little boys, their faces scrubbed as clean and shining as Granny's wash board, going in. Jody pretended to be absorbed in studying his bare toes. From the corner of his eye, however, he anxiously noted each child to see if the child spoke. If the child did, he returned a shy grin; if not, he

continued to wiggle his toes and watch them move. At last Jim Harris came down the street—not on his bicycle as he usually was, but walking very stiff in his Sunday suit. Jim and Jody had once been friends and had built rows and rows of toad houses. But one day Jim had announced to Jody that his mother had said he was to be nice and friendly to Jody but he was not to play with him any more. Now Jim no longer played with Jody, and he wasn't always nice to him either.

"What you doing way out here, just standing around?"

Jody studied his bare toes, but Jim didn't move on. "You crazy or something?"

"You crazy or something?"

"Well, you must be a scaredy cat. That's all I can figure out."

"I ain't no scaredy cat."

"Ha, that's what you say!"

Jody waited until Jim had moved on, and then Jody, a broad grin on his face that didn't match his eyes and walk, walked toward the Henrys' house. Everybody stopped playing when Jody walked in, and everything got very quiet. Billy Henry tried very hard to atone for the silence by getting very loud. Running up to Jody, he half pulled and half dragged him into the center. And all the time he was slapping Jody on the back and yelling, "This is my old pal, Injin Joe. We can lick anybody, cain't we? Say, Jody, old pal?" Some of the children smiled, and some of them just silently gazed at the two of them. Billy next jumped on the back of Jody and yelled, "Sometimes he's my old bronco horse. Man, we're really wild!" They fell to the floor and kicked and rolled. The children moved back giving Jody and Billy ample room. Billy was laughing very hard, and Jody was also laughing very hard. Jody, however, didn't want to laugh, and he didn't want to stop. He wished he were home safe in bed with the covers over his head. By



and by all the boys stopped laughing and even the little girls. Still Jody and Billy rolled.

Jim broke the silence, "Silly, what you think you are, babies?" Both were relieved. Dragging himself up, Billy laughed crazily, and putting his hands into his pockets, he staggered and wobbled around, crying, "No, I ain't no baby; I'm a drunk man. Cain't you see me wobbling?" The children laughed with glee as Billy staggered into the midst of them. Jody laughed too, but he didn't want to laugh. He wanted to run away. He felt all hot, sticky, and bothered like he did in the summer in the corn patch. Talking about drunk people always made Jody cringe, for he never was certain that they weren't talking about Pa.

Little Elsie Rosic was quite still for

a moment. Then she slipped her arms around Mary Ann Pucket's waist and drew her to the window. Snuggling her nose to Mary Ann's ear, she whispered something that made both girls cast side-long glances at Jody and giggle. Soon everyone was laughing again, and the house was in an uproar. Everybody seemed to be pulling or being pulled into corners, halls, and rooms. Only Jody was left alone. The only things he was allowed to hear were laughter and shouts of "Do you want to hear a secret?" or "C'mere; I'll tell you!"

Jody backed toward the open doorway, turned, and fled through it. Bill chased after him, shouting, "They're silly old girls. We don't care for them, do we, old pal?" Billy, falling, caught hold of Jody's foot and brought him also to

the sidewalk. Again they rolled and tumbled, and this time they bit and clawed. Jody began to bawl, and Billy stopped and grew very still. Stumbling up, Jody cried, "Take your old steel traps. I ain't gonna raise no rabbits with you. I hate yer guts, and I'll kill ye!"

Upon reaching home, Jody didn't slide under the fence but took the gate. Pa had moved, but Granny was standing in the doorway—one hand resting against the doorway and the other waving her apron toward Jody.

"You home early, boy. You sick?"

"Naw, Granny; I just come home to help with the milking."

"Fine party, eh?"

"Sure, there was ice cream and cake."

"Ice cream and cake, U-m-m, ain't that nice. Was the cake store bought?"

## RACHEL JACKSON: *Victim of Circumstance*

*The President's Lady*, Irving Stone.

Publisher—Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, N. Y. Price \$1.39. Pages 338.

The story of Rachel Donelson Jackson, wife of the fifth President of the United States, is one of which every American should be ashamed. After one has read the vivid account of the life of this woman as presented by Irving Stone, it is not hard to believe that she was, as her husband believed, murdered by gossiping, slandering tongues in the presidential election of 1828.

Rachel Jackson died on December 17, 1828, after having a final fitting for the gown in which she was to see her husband inaugurated as President. The last words she heard before leaving for the Hermitage, her beloved home, that afternoon had been spoken by a woman in the Nashville hotel lobby: "It's just as the newspapers kept asking: shall there be a *whore* in the White House?" He died a heartbroken woman with only the peace of her husband's and family's real love.

At twenty-one Rachel Donelson married Lewis Robards, a dashing young man in whom—for Rachel—the sun rose

and set. Soon after they were married, Lewis began to accuse Rachel of having too friendly relations with young men in the neighborhood and finally took his lovely wife to his home in Harrodsburg, Virginia. There Robards continued to accuse his bride of infidelity and finally ordered her to leave his home. The entire Robards family rebuked the hot-tempered, jealous man for his actions; but only his own mother coldly told her son that he was only placing unjust blame on Rachel because of his own improper conduct with a slave-girl on the plantation.

Once a reconciliation was attempted, with John Overton, Lewis' cousin and a young lawyer, acting as a go-between. Overton was not successful. In the meantime Rachel had met another young lawyer who was John's law partner, Andrew Jackson. And soon Robards turned his wrath upon Jackson and accused him of being the suitor of his wife.

A second time Rachel attempted to remake her marriage. This time she left Harrodsburg of her own volition with Andrew Jackson, who had, unfortunately, been sent by her mother. Eventually Rachel decided to place herself

as far away as possible from her husband. At that time divorce for a woman was impossible, and so Rachel went to Natchez, knowing as she went that she was in love with the lanky young lawyer, Andrew Jackson. Once more as she journeyed, Rachel was accompanied by Jackson, who had been hired by the boat captain for protection. Before he returned to the Cumberland country, Jackson told Rachel of his love for her and found his affection returned; but both young people knew of the futility of the situation.

Months later Jackson returned to Natchez with startling news: Lew Robards had divorced Rachel. He had gone to the Virginia legislature and received a divorce on the grounds of Rachel's desertion and adultery. Rachel shuddered at this last and could not understand. Jackson explained: Robards had contended that when Rachel left Harrodsburg with Jackson, the two had eloped. The news—both happy and sad—did, however, enable Jackson and Rachel to fulfill their dreams of marriage. They were married almost immediately and honeymooned for two months in Mississippi before going home.



For two years the couple was extremely happy. And the young lawyer was a success. At length, however, came the news that plunged both Rachel and Andrew into despair and precipitated a Donelson family council of war: Robards was only now divorcing his wife. The Virginia legislature had given the man power to appeal to a higher court for a divorce; Robards had not immediately done so but was in love with and wished to marry another woman. He was appealing for divorce now, two years after Rachel had married Andrew Jackson.

The Donelson family with its lawyer and devoted friend, John Overton, could find no way for Rachel to defend herself. Even the fact that Robards had deliberately deceived them would do no good. And so Nashville began to speak of Rachel Jackson as *That* Mrs. Jackson. True, the divorce had been granted now and Rachel persuaded Andrew to have another ceremony in Nashville, but still the tongues wagged.

And those tongues never completely ceased their wagging. Throughout the rest of her sixty-two years Rachel Jackson remembered the threat of her first husband to "haunt you," for she was

haunted by the people who believed the hideous stories told of her. She changed from the vibrant young woman whom Jackson had married to a person afraid of strangers and society. But those who were neighbors loved her and felt her sacrificial hand in times of sickness, sorrow, and distress.

The years which followed the divorce and remarriage were turbulent ones. There were successions of hard times and good times. Fortunes were built up, new houses built, and then all would be shattered and lost. Personal notes given to Andrew were accepted, used and found to be bad. Andrew was acclaimed great and then turned upon by friends and loyal followers. Each time with defeat came the old story of the divorce. It caused fights and even a duel.

Success came finally, though, when Jackson became the victor at New Orleans in the war with the British. He was persuaded to try for the Presidency; he lost. But in 1828 he again ran for the office. The opposition parties used Rachel in their smear campaign against Jackson, but still he won an overwhelming majority of votes. Rachel broke under the strain and never fully recovered.

She died less than one month after her husband won the highest office in the land.

The story of Rachel and Andrew Jackson, though a tragic one in many respects, is a story of a beautiful and simple love. This deep love is refreshing after the so-called love about which we read and hear today. The author of *The President's Lady* has said that his novel is biographical, differing from a historical novel "in that it does not introduce fictional characters against a background of history, but instead tells the story through the actual people who lived it and helped make it happen." In writing his biographical novel, Stone has made Andrew and Rachel Jackson live, breathe, walk, and talk. As each page is read these two characters become more and more real until one even begins to hate all those who hated the Jacksons.

*The President's Lady* vividly portrays the unhappy yet rewarding story of a remarkable American woman. It also shows the evil of gossip and what can happen to a woman because of political machines. Rachel Jackson is one of the strongest characters the reviewer has ever met in fact or fiction.

—KATHRYN HICKMAN

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## ADOLESCENCE AND RELIGION

*Awakening.* By Jean-Baptiste Rossi. New York: Harper & Brothers. 246pp. \$3.00.

Writing with an intimate knowledge of the ways of life of a schoolboy and a nun, Jean-Baptiste Rossi has exposed the inner working of two souls. He has shown his readers the emotions and attitudes of two adolescents—one adolescent in age; the other, in mind. He has made his novel doubly powerful by coupling the theme of religion with adolescence.

The innocent act of visiting the sick at a French hospital results in the initial meeting of Dennis and Sister Clothilde. They cover their meetings with subterfuges but eventually realize that they are in love. They live together, paying for hours of bliss with their constant fear of discovery. At the end of the school year both go to a country estate under the pretext of escaping the danger

of bombings. The villagers in the nearby community are scandalized by Sister Clothilde's conduct, and the Mother Superior appears on the scene. Refusing to give up Dennis, Clothilde is turned out and formally ends her career as a nun. The final poignant scene is the parting of the two lovers at the railroad station when Dennis is being sent to boarding school by his parents so that he will forget Clothilde. Clothilde is going to face the world. Each promises never to forget the other and to wait. But what can one expect from youth?

What amazed this reader was the fact that Dennis was old and mature in his thinking and Sister Clothilde was young and immature. It was he who was constantly aware of the reality—the all-too-frightening reality for Sister Clothilde—of the fact that she was no nun. She

was his mistress, an example of the floundering Christian who wants to believe in God yet lives a life that rejects Him. She could not resolve the conflict and was therefore unable to be anything. Dennis, on the other hand, was a Stephen Dedalus. He knew the truth and all its supernatural implications; yet he, too, refused to accept it.

The author's style reminds one of the music of Bach, clear-cut and well-proportioned. He uses short but smooth sentences in narration. Rossi has no axe to grind and tells his story simply. He avoids carrying subtlety to fatiguing extremes as too many of our contemporary novelists do. Although Rossi's style soars to heights of beauty, it comes, at times, precariously close to mundaneness. His characterizations and settings are skillfully drawn. This first novel gives promise of greater work.—JERRY WHITE



## TWO GENERATIONS OF TRAGEDY

*Lie Down in Darkness*, by William Stryon. Publisher, Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 400 pp. Price \$3.50.

*Lie Down in Darkness*, the first novel written by William Stryon, depicts through the medium of a family the effect that the lost generation of the roaring '20's has had upon the generation of today. An author with an unusually penetrating insight, Mr. Stryon is a native of Virginia and a graduate of Duke University. Having lived in the South all of his life previous to his service with the Marines during World War II, he is well acquainted with the land of which he writes. But *Lie Down in Darkness* is not a novel dealing with a sectional problem; the problem presented in this book is prevalent throughout all American society.

To illustrate his theme of the loss of faith and love by the two post-war generations, William Stryon uses the Loftises, a well-to-do Southern family of four who live in Port Warwick, Virginia, a small town about sixty miles east of Richmond. The Loftises are a tragic group—the father, who drinks to forget that he is living on his wife's money; the mother, who nags and is unable to

forgive the sins of her husband; Maud, the crippled, underdeveloped elder daughter; and Peyton, the younger daughter, possessed with a beauty that makes for tragedy.

*Lie Down in Darkness* is actually the story of Peyton's struggle to find a meaning to the world. Because she is so very beautiful, she becomes the idol of her father, and thus makes her mother extremely jealous. The mother withdraws completely from her husband and makes Maud the center of her life. The antagonism between Peyton and her mother brings the destruction of the family group to a climax—Peyton leaves home and the father lives at home but seeks companionship with the wife of a local merchant.

The futility of Peyton's seeking is what makes the tragedy. The girl realizes that she has nothing to cling to. She says, "They thought they were lost. They were crazy. They weren't lost. What they were doing was losing us . . . Look at Daddy; I love him so. But he lost me and he doesn't even know it . . . I've sinned only in order to lie down in darkness and find, somewhere in the net of dreams, a new father, a new home."

The story is told in the flashback, stream-of-consciousness style, but the scenes are so braided together in well-ordered sequence that the reader receives a dominant plot impression. The author has an amazing facility for bringing out small details that greatly add to the prevailing atmosphere of sordid horror. The story is tragic; there is no laughter nor love within the book, only scene after scene that is repulsive and nightmarish. Mr. Stryon is, however, neither preacher nor reformer; he simply records some of the tragedy prevalent in today's families.

*Lie Down in Darkness* shows that Mr. Stryon has been greatly influenced by contemporary naturalistic authors. Like most naturalistic writers, he makes no effort to relieve the tension of his story through the use of any type of comic relief. Although his minor characters are drawn with a satirical pen, one finds them pathetic rather than humorous.

The close of the novel is artificial and stilted. Even though Mr. Stryon fails to solve the problem, *Lie Down in Darkness* does present the problem with disturbing and evocative clarity.—JAY HALL.

### ANSWERS TO "WHAT'S YOUR CHARACTER QUOTIENT?"

1. David Copperfield in Dickens's *David Copperfield*.
2. Sir Wilford of Ivanhoe in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.
3. Oliver Twist in Dickens's *Oliver Twist*.
4. Sir Walter Raleigh in *Kenilworth*.
5. Maggie Tulliver in George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*.
6. Amelia Sedley in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.
7. Miss Havisham in Dickens's *Great Expectations*.
8. Dinah Morris in George Eliot's *Adam Bede*.
9. Henry Esmond in Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*.

10. Sydney Carton in Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*.

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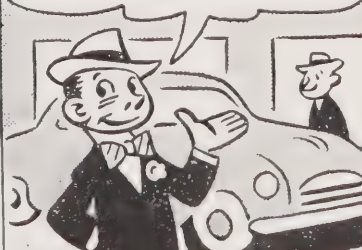
(Continued from page 6)

to the completion of the constitution and the re-acquaintance of the students with the constitution.

"Mac" has all the necessary characteristics of a good student leader. She has served as treasurer of the student body and as secretary of the student body. She is a member of the Valkyrie, Sigma Mu, Sigma Upsilon, Alpha Kappa Gamma, and of the Kappa Delta social sorority. Next year she will serve as first senior marshal.

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# NOCTURNE

BY ROBERTA JONES

Paul sat hunched over his work table, his face tense and strained in the unnatural, white light of his study lamp. Against one wall was a small cot under which lay a dust-covered violin. At the head of the cot was a large three-speed record player, the only expensive piece of furniture in the room. The adjoining wall was lined with book shelves holding translations of Plato and Aristotle, a book of German poetry, several French novels, and a number of novels by contemporary American authors. Next to the work table was another set of shelves filled with record albums and L P's and various study books on music. On the top shelf was a bottle of port, half full, and an empty wine glass. The only other furniture in the room was a small, potbellied stove on which stood a coffee pot, a basin with a mirrored cabinet above it, and a wardrobe closet. The floor was bare, and there were no curtains at the windows.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The silence of the early hours was broken only by the scratch of manuscript pen on staff paper and the bubbling of coffee on the stove. Suddenly Paul put down his pen with a grunt of disgust and strode over to the basin. He opened the cabinet and took out a heavy porcelain cup, then walked to the stove and filled it with coffee. He went back to the table and started to pick up his pen again, but changed his mind and reached for a cigarette instead. The match sputtered and went out. "So they've gotten wet again," Paul thought helplessly, and twisted a piece of paper to use as a torch. Mechanically he walked back to the stove, thrust one end of the twisted paper into the fire, and lit his cigarette. Then he sat back down at the table and stared at the work he had been doing. "Copying trombone parts to band scores is such a profitable pastime for a promising young violinist," he thought bitterly.

As though to shut away all thought of trombones, he snapped off the light

and gazed out the window. The large oak near the window stirred restlessly in the wind, and small clouds scuttled across the sky, now concealing, now revealing the pale thin crescent of the moon. Paul felt a compulsion to leave the comfort of his room warmed and dimly lighted by the glowing little stove and answer the call of the cold, dark night. He drained his coffee cup, mashed his cigarette into the ash tray at his elbow, and walked to the closet for his overcoat. He touched the door knob with his left hand, hesitated a moment, glancing out the window again. Then he turned and took three large steps over to his cot, bent down, and drew his violin from under it. Swiftly he returned to the door and opened it. A cold whisper permeated the room, the spirit of someone or something now dead, telling of its longing for a rebirth. Paul shuddered, then stepped out into the night.

He turned up the collar of his overcoat and drew it close around him as he walked down the shadowy path to the road. When he left the shelter of the wooded path, a crisp, cold breeze struck him, and he shivered a little and quickened his pace. The houses along the road were all dark. "Probably have been dark for four hours now," Paul muttered to himself as he strode on. He was beginning to feel warm with the glow of exercise as he walked down the road now sparsely populated. He cut across a field and walked through the tall grass toward a hill on which stood a willow tree. He reached the foot of the hill, stopped, and looked up. The willow moved with easy grace, bowing to the will of the wind.

Paul started up the hill, his step less hurried than before, his features less strained. He reached the top, sat down on a large rock under the tree and took out his violin. His fingers quivered with excitement as he tightened the bow for the first time in eight months. He let it slip once as he rubbed it over the rosin, but soon he was ready to touch

it to the strings. Very slowly he began to bow on the A-string, tuning it as he did so. At first he got a scratchy tune; but gradually, as he coaxed it, the violin began to respond to his touch and a beautiful, lucid tone came forth. He worked thus with each of the four strings, finally achieving the rich, full timbre of the D-string, the mellow quality of the G-string, and the silver brilliance of the E-string. As he became reaccustomed to the feel of the violin, he began to use his left hand on the fingerboard, wandering aimlessly through various scale passages until he found himself playing, to his startled dismay, the first violin part to the second movement of the Bach double violin concerto. He had meant to avoid this, the last music he had played before—he let his bow hang down at his side.

"Hey, buddy! don't shtop playin! I wuz jush comin' up ta listen!"

Startled, Paul turned and saw a figure lunging up the hill toward him. His first reaction was anger at having his solitude invaded, but this was replaced by fear. The drunk he saw had gray, disheveled hair and a scraggly beard, but appeared very strong in spite of his age.

"Go on; play shome' more. Play that piece you were playin' b'fore. I like that!"

Paul hesitated. This wasn't the kind of audience he particularly enjoyed playing for, but perhaps it was best to keep him pacified. He put his bow to the strings once more and began to play a Brahms sonata.

"Naw, that ain't the piece you were playin'! Come on; I wanta hear that Bach!"

Obviously this was no ordinary drunken bum. The dreadful realization came to Paul that he couldn't fool this fellow. Although he was drunk enough to be very aggressive, he could still recognize the Bach. Paul made a desperate attempt to divert his mind through conversation. "Are you a musician?"



"D' I look like a moosician? C'mon, now; le's have the Bach!"

"You like Bach?"

"Didn' I say I like it? Ain't I tellin' ya to play it? I don' wan' conversation. I wan' moosic. C'mon, b'fore I get mad."

There appeared to be no escape. Paul closed his eyes tightly and gritted his teeth as he took a firm grasp on the bow with his right hand; too firm, he realized, as the violin screeched in protest. He relaxed his iron grip and began to play with perfect technique, sternly keeping his mind on the music, not permitting it to wander.

"Hey, waitaminit!"

Paul was irritated by the interruption. He wanted to get this over with.

"What's the matter now?" he said angrily.

"You might's well be typin' for all the feelin' you're gettin'." The effort of thinking and of expressing his thoughts seemed to have a sobering effect on the drunk, and his enunciation gradually became more clear. "Music is an art, not just a skill." He spoke as one who had had a very intimate acquaintance with

music and was suddenly burning with desire to renew this acquaintance. As he warmed to his subject, he spoke faster and more concisely. "It's like painting. Almost anybody with normal intelligence and good technical training can take a ruler and a set of instruments and make an exact copy of a building or a landscape, but it's just a copy. The genius of painting is in the act of creating. Music is the same way, only it has to be created twice. The composer creates it and puts it down on paper, but it still isn't music until the performer re-creates it. It doesn't do just to play the notes. You've gotta create it. Give it a soul. Listen!" He whistled the first line of the Bach, and the music seemed to come from him, to have its origin in his soul.

Suddenly Paul knew what the critics had meant—what Bea had meant—when they said "flawless technique, but no music." He had been too stubborn to listen. That stupid quarrel with Bea the night before their performance together had ended in their separation, and she had been right! How could he have been

so smug? The embryo of creativity stirred within him. He could do it now! He would do it now. He would make music for the first time in his life. He forgot the man standing next to him under the tree; forgot the unfinished trombone score on his desk; forgot everything he had known for the past eight months, and thought only of the music he was about to play as he raised his violin again to his chin and touched it with his bow. Music poured forth from the responsive instrument in his hands. This was the soul of Bach speaking through his music.

The drunk, now very sober, whistled the second violin part just as Bea would have played it, and the breeze became an orchestral accompaniment in Paul's imagination. He was back in Town Hall in New York and his audience now, instead of being restless and bored, was listening in hushed awe.

As he finished the movement and the last soft echo of tone died in the breeze he became aware again of his surroundings. The wind, which had seemed bit

(Continued on page 23)

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# GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

BY BETH HARDEN

*United Nations World*, in its February issue, abandoned its policy of neutrality when discussing the national political scene to announce its support of General Dwight D. Eisenhower for the Presidency. The increasing demand for the General's Presidency is more than mere acclaim for a national hero. Eisenhower's supporters have sound reasons for wanting him to be President. *United Nations World* gave the following six reasons for its choice:

Eisenhower is an internationalist. We expect that he will raise the spiritual and intellectual level of the American government.

He has the experience of a military man but the philosophy and outlook of a civilian who hates war.

He will insure America's lasting participation in the international armies defending the West.

He is the least likely to engage in the kinds of political deals which have so often made a plaything of America's vital interests.

He is the most likely to create national unity, the persistent lack of which could become a world calamity.<sup>1</sup>

A magazine dedicated to international journalism, *United Nations World* expressed an opinion on the domestic political battle because the publisher and editors were convinced that "the candidacy of General Eisenhower transcends national importance and is an international event of the first magnitude." This article continues, saying:

The character, the past activities, the whole record of N A T O's Supreme Commander make of him a symbol of the elusive truth that nations can get along together in good will, mutual tolerance, and intelligent co-operation.<sup>2</sup>

America's position of leadership in the world activities today makes the President of the United States far more than merely a national leader. He is now the most important person in the affairs of

the free world. During the past year Eisenhower has achieved the impossible task of raising new hope from the ruins of Western Europe. As President, he might conceivably do for the rest of the free world what he has done for the twelve nations of N A T O.

Supporters of Eisenhower have been handicapped by his silence in this political battle. What is his platform? What are his policies? *U. S. News and World Report*, in its issue of February 1, publishes the report of a press conference in which the General describes the program of N A T O as

the product of three types of forces: spiritual force—in other words, the determination to do something; economic force—the power of the nation to make a living and carry great projects through from the standpoint of labor, industry, agriculture, and finance; and . . . military force, whether it is latent or actually in being at any given moment.<sup>3</sup>

He says that it is the product of these three forces, not the sum, which must provide collective security. This means that if one of the three goes down to zero, the total is zero. In this description of the goals of N A T O we have also a summary of Eisenhower's personal ideals which may help us to see what he would do as President of the United States. He believes that N A T O must succeed "because there is no satisfactory alternative." He says America "must recognize that her own self-interest is served by making N A T O succeed." Furthermore, he says:

Whenever Communism attempts to overrun any part of the world, the struggle there—whatever its fashion: propaganda, subversion, bribery, contest of arms—is important to the whole free world.<sup>4</sup>

He does not, however, advocate war as the answer to Communism. In discussing the "cold war," he made his position concerning military might and contest of arms very clear. Because many people have expressed fear of Eisen-

hower's military background, we quote this statement in its entirety.

One reason for the cold war is a great asset on our side that we too often fail to publicize. It is the appeal of free systems of government to the hearts and minds of men.

Remember, the free nations have never said, "We cannot live with Communism in the world." It has been Communism that has said, "We cannot exist with free government." Why? Because of their conviction that if both are allowed to exist, the free system in the long run will attract the hearts and minds of men away from Communism. Then they would find their power shattered and their system collapsing.

I think global war would be the greatest tragedy that we could possibly experience, except, of course, loss of freedom. Therefore . . . I believe we should strive to establish systems of collective strength (spiritual, economic, and military) that will bring about equilibrium as cheaply, effectively, and economically as we can. And then this situation would merely become a struggle between the two ideologies and not a struggle on one side backed by frightening power that particularly upsets the nations close by. We would be content to trust to the decency and justice of our cause, and its appeal to people in the long run.<sup>5</sup>

Statements from this and other interviews with the General give us a fairly comprehensive view of his goals. The next question that enters our minds is this: Is Eisenhower a person who can carry through these goals? As *Harper's Magazine* points out, "The General's war record shows a man brilliantly able to handle people and reconcile the most diverse points of view, the subtlest antipathies."<sup>6</sup> Readers of the *Saturday Review* in a poll taken in February chose Eisenhower as the living person they would "most like to see elected President of the United States in 1952" and listed the following qualities as the attributes most important in the man elected:



Integrity

Broad knowledge of foreign affairs

Ability to place duty above party

Skill in and knowledge of politics

Courage and vision

Religious faith

Humanitarianism

Belief in economy in government

Tranquility of mind and spirit.<sup>7</sup>

Obviously, Eisenhower is a man whom the American people feel they can trust, and, in an age of cynicism and distrust, this is a very important asset to him in his race for the Presidency.

1. *United Nations World*: February, 1952; editorial, p. 18.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 18.
3. *U. S. News and World Report*: February 1, 1952; "General Eisenhower's Latest Size-up of the World Situation," p. 22.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 24.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 24.
6. Gordon Harrison, *Harper's Magazine*; January, 1952, "Can Eisenhower Save the GOP?" p. 25.
7. *Saturday Review*; February 16, 1952, p. 27.

## THE STRANGER

BY SHEILA GOTTLEIB

A queer breeze slowly, stealthily crept past the leaves in the trees, dying down through the grass. Such a breeze at this time of year meant only one thing—a summer storm. As if the breeze were a forewarning, the sky immediately darkened, lighting only for an instant as a stroke of lightning sliced its way into the darkness. Dead silence was shattered by roaring thunder rolling throughout the countryside, bringing rain pouring furiously in large, hard drops.

As the blinding rain pounded the windshield, Alec, automatically shifting his position, leaned toward the steering wheel. Even though this particular movement happened to be a simple one, it, like all the other movements he had made for the past three days, was done without conscious thought. It was as though someone pushed him toward the steering wheel; as though someone turned the car into a gas station when the gauge registered empty; as though late at night someone had stopped the car, saying to him, "It's time to sleep, Alec."

As suddenly as it came, the storm subsided into a gentle rainfall. And for the first time in days, weeks, or perhaps even months Alec smiled—then burst into an hysterical laugh, choking on the sobs which had been for so long pent up inside him. Yes, he too, like all nature, was grateful for the rain—clear, cool rain, which seemed to cleanse his very insides of all the filth which had accumulated there for the past two years. True, the rain cleansed, but did not, could not wash away the memories. No, he could never forget, for the wounds were too deep to heal completely.

"I realized this before I left," thought Alec, "but I had to get away. I was sick of it all—sick to death. The crowds, the critics, the constant string of new faces to know, new people to meet, new names to learn, the rotten work I signed my name to, and—Stephanie—beautiful, spoiled, proud Stephanie. Oh, we suited each other very well. I needed her money, and she needed a project. Out

of the gutter and into a penthouse in one easy lesson. Penthouse, ha! . . . rather a damn cage. I walked in with my eyes wide open, knowing from the very beginning it would end up a farce or a three-ring circus. Sure it was hard to learn to jump through hoops like a trained seal, but she gradually and painlessly swept away all of my pride and resentment until I became the star of the show, jumping docilely each time she cracked the whip. Well, it doesn't matter now because the balloon has finally burst and there's no turning back."

As his car approached a crossroad, Alec turned sharply from the main highway onto the side road. He noticed a sign: Four Miles to Glendale. Since he started out with no particular destination in mind, he felt excited, but content, to know that he now had some place to go. As the butterflies mounted in his stomach, his foot became heavier on the accelerator.

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## NOCTURNE

(Continued from page 20)

erly cold before, was now only refresh-  
ingly cool. The willow tree bowed in the  
wind as if to pay homage to a great artist,  
Paul thought. He knew now that he  
could be great, for greatness came  
through a willingness to use technique  
only to give music a voice. Technique  
was a means to an end, and he had in-  
sted upon making it an end in itself.  
had taken a broken-down, drunken  
d man to show him what music was.  
agerly Paul turned to thank the man  
who had given him so much. His friend  
had vanished into the darkness.

## DR. ABERNETHY AND DR. PICKENS PRESENT PAPERS

(Continued from page 4)

the other hand, made somewhat lower  
scores on a second administration of the  
attitude scale—partly, probably, because  
of boredom in the repetition of a scale.

The Queens study was wider in scope  
than the New England investigation of  
propaganda. The Queens experimental-  
design class, unwilling to believe that  
there is little or no value to college stu-  
dents in acquiring knowledge of the  
character of propaganda, contrasted ex-  
perimental groups which were informed  
with experimental groups which were

uninformed concerning the nature and  
intent of the propaganda presented.

The most significant result of the  
Queens College experiment is seen in  
the finding that the groups which had  
no techniques for the analysis of propa-  
ganda were markedly more influenced  
by the various types of propaganda—  
lectures, magazine articles, and movies—  
than were the informed groups.

Another interesting phase of the  
study is in the comparison of the various  
materials in effectiveness. Lectures and  
informal talks made by persons of pres-  
tige had most marked influence upon  
the college students. Propaganda motion  
pictures came next.

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